



ATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1904



BUYING MILK FOR CHEESE.

Payment on the Basis of Fat It Contains Is Fair for All Parties Concerned.

Cheese factories are rapidly changing in many parts of the country to the method of purchasing their milk by the Babcock test, paying for it according to the amount of fat it contains. This is as it should be. The old idea that the amount of fat in the milk had nothing to do with the amount of cheese it would make is entirely erroneous; and besides, it tends to develop poor conditions for both cheese factory and patrons. When patrons come to realize that the amount of cheese made is dependent upon the amount of fat in the milk, those who are producing good milk will demand that their milk be paid for on a fat basis, otherwise the man with the poor milk will receive part of the returns that should come to them.

Prof. E. H. Farrington says that for every pound of butter-fat contained in 100 pounds of milk 2.6 pounds of cheese can be made. Thus, milk with three per cent. fat in it would make cheese that would weigh 7.8 pounds, while if the butter-fat amounted to four pounds in 100 pounds of milk, that is, what we call four per cent. milk, the amount of cheese made would be 10.4 pounds. Prof. Farrington is an expert in these matters and his figures are probably as accurate as can be obtained. They demonstrate very forcibly the advisability of buying by the test even for cheese making.

Moreover, the quality of the cheese is influenced by the quantity of fat in the milk as the greater the per cent. of fat in the milk the richer the cheese. Payment for the milk on the fat basis will cause an effort to breed for a richer quality of milk, and this will react upon the average quality of cheese from that factory, enabling it to bring a better price on the market for the milk. Like many other farm operations, in studying the effect of a given action, we must look for the immediate effect as well as the possibilities.

WATER LIFTING DEVICE.

Simple Expedient Which Is of Great Practical Value, Especially for Small Wells.

To tilt the pail when drawing water from a well, or when bailing out a cistern, use the simple expedient shown herewith. Attach a small cord to the lip where the handle is attached to one side of the pail, and pass it through a loop made in the pail rope. Pull on the small cord to tilt the pail when it rests upon the water. When full, pull on the pail rope, the two lines then being grasped as one. The bucket is then easily and quickly brought to the surface. The device is a most excellent one, especially in small wells.—Orange Judd Farmer.

CEMENT TROUGH FOR COWS

The Invention of a Wisconsin Dairymen Who Considers It of Considerable Practical Value.

My cow mangers are made of cement and are built as shown in the accompanying cut. The platform, b, is made of plank. The timber, c, to which the swinging stanchion is fastened, is sawed slanting on the side next the cows. The trough, c, and top of rack, d, slant toward the cows one-half inch to the left. The gutter, a, is nearly level with the cows.—Charles Edminster, in Farm and Home.

Opportunities for Dairymen.

Last year England imported 219,000 tons of butter. The United States exported about 4,000 tons. These facts leave a fair inference that England offers an open market for more than 50 times as much butter as we are in the habit of exporting. England's purchases of this article from foreign countries amount to about \$100,000,000 a year. Our export sales of it approximate \$1,500,000. England purchased last year about 136,000 tons of cheese. Our total exports were in the vicinity of 8,000 tons, worth about \$2,250,000. Canada, whom we are prone to regard as an economic inferior, exported ten times as much as we did. This leaves a fair inference that there is in England alone a possible market for some \$40,000,000 worth of cheese every year.—N. Y. Sun.

A Cure for Kicking Cows. To keep a cow from kicking while being milked is too simple a thing to argue about, said a practical farmer the other day. We just buckle a strap snugly around the body in front of udder and she can't move her hind feet. She won't try it more than once. Cows can be broken of kicking in the same manner, but they require the strap buckled tighter than the cow does.—Midland Farmer.

SOUNDS LIKE GOOD SENSE

Canadian Expert Says That Dairy Cows Need But Very Little Exercise in Winter.

Regarding the exercise of dairy cows in winter, Mr. Glendinning, speaking before the Western Ontario Dairymen's association, said:

"My experience is that a cow does not require much exercise when she is giving a lot of milk, and we do not make a practice of letting our cows out. I will give you an experience I had two years ago. I hired a man to take care of the stock, and I put him in charge while I was out on institute work. He had been there a couple of weeks, and I went to the stable Sunday morning, and he said: 'Say, boss, don't you think it would be a good thing to let these cows out and give them a little exercise?' He had always worked for men who gave their cows a good deal of exercise; they generally had a straw stack, I said I did not think they needed it. Well, he thought they would be better, and I thought it was an opportunity to teach him a lesson. There were two rows of cows, eight in each row, 15 giving milk and one dry, and I said: 'You can let the cows out if you have a mind to.' It was a nice, warm morning, and the snow was melting a little outside. He said: 'I will let this stable out first.' 'No,' I said, 'turn out both these rows.' He said: 'There will be an awful run; we will never get them in.' He turned them out, and the cows backed out, and went out just the same as they would if they had been turned out every day, and every one of them went out in that way till we came to the dry one, and she went out with a jump; and when the others saw her running, they thought they would take a run, and they ran across the barnyard four rods, and then they began to stop and look around as much as to say: 'Well, this is not very ladylike,' and every one of these cows went into the stable inside of ten minutes. I told him to let the doors remain open, and not drive any of them in, and they all went in except the one that was dry. That was about the first of February, and these cows had not been out of the stalls from the 5th day of December. I think if the dairy cow required a good deal of exercise these cows would have required it. They were giving a good lot of milk and were well fed. I have not very much hesitation in saying the dairy cow does not require very much exercise. She has a great deal of exercise in working up the product she consumes in the milk."

LITTLE DAIRY POINTERS.

Cream irregularly ripened makes streaked butter. Dry salt cannot be worked into dry butter successfully. The cows should be thoroughly soiled with the milk. Never breed a "kicky" cow. Your herd needs cows, not mules. Sour milk affects the cream injuriously. Get the cream off in time. Slow milking frets the cow. Hasten the performance as much as possible. Never put a fine cow in the care of a poor milker. The milker makes or un-makes the cow. The manure-coated cow is a proof that her owner is in the wrong business. He should change occupations. Scrub cows, on scrub farms, fed on scrub rations, cared for by scrub persons, produce nondescript milk and butter that is hardly good enough for axle grease. Fresh cream and ripened cream mixed will always result in dubious butter. A "mess" of cream in a churning should be of one degree of richness throughout. Some cows set the "dairy marks" of the experts at defiance and give large yields of good milk. All the same, the good dairy cow should show certain features in size, shape and general make-up.—N. Y. Farmer.

FEED CALVES SEPARATELY.

How to Build a Stanchion Which Is Sure to Prevent Loss of Valuable Grain.

Where there is a large bunch of calves to be fed there is always more or less trouble resulting in waste of feed from their continual crowding and pushing. To get rid of this trouble I built a light stanchion on the plan shown in the cut. The upright pieces, which form the lock, are of 1x1-inch stuff. The distance from the top piece, which may be 2x4, to the bottom piece is three feet six inches. For the smaller calves stanchions are four inches apart where their necks are placed. The upright, a, when open, as shown at c, rests against the rigid plank, b. Such a line of stanchions can be put up almost anywhere in stables, yard or field, at little cost, and after using them for a time the builder will appreciate the time saved as well as the economical benefits secured.—Paul Svenson, in N. Y. Homestead.

Many Varieties of Butter.

Some queer uses are made of the same butter. "Paraffin butter" is made out of wood tar, and shea-butter is described as follows: Shea-butter is exported from East India and Africa and is made from the kernel of Bassia parkii. This kernel is of the size of a walnut and surrounded by a fleshy capsule which is edible. The tree attains a height of about 25 to 35 feet. The fat is rather tough in consistency and sticky, varying from white to greenish gray in color, and is rather rich in stearine.

Another Misunderstanding.

Judge—Let me clearly understand; did you aunt die intestate? Witness—Oh, no, my lord; she was a most sober woman; almost a teetotaler, in fact.—Ally Sloper.

Fun for All Fun Lovers.

Adding Insult to Injury.

The day had been appointed for the ceremony which was to make one of two, but for some reason best known to the fickle maid she had relinquished the glittering solitaire.

"Oh, well," said the young man in the case, "I don't suppose I could be happy with a woman who dyes her hair, anyway."

"Sir, 'tis false!" she exclaimed indignantly.

"Is it?" he rejoined. "I thought it was only dyed."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Reversing the Rule.

"So!" exclaimed the rejected lover. "All you have wanted of me has been to photograph me in every conceivable attitude, because I am a 'good subject!'"

"I confess it, Mr. Spoonmore," said the fair camera fiend. That is all.

"Before being shaken I have been well taken, anyhow!" he howled, grasping his hat and rushing forth into the chilly darkness of the night.—Chicago Tribune.

In the Fall.

In the fall the shabby lawyer tries to win a suit of clothes; in the fall a deeper crimson roosts upon the top of his nose; in the fall the politician gets his work in on the stump; in the fall the festive coalman upward makes the prices jump; in the fall the summer maiden at the seashore ends her stay; in the fall the jumpy artist selleth good bricks to the day.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

His Finish.

There was a man in a canoe who rocked it; and when he was three feet from the shore he was three feet from the shore. For his form with a rake; it was all there was for them to do.—Houston Post.

SWEETS TO THE SWEET.



Pertinent Query.

He that rises has to fall. But if men went reading the drop, say, where is there one among us all that ever would reach the top?—N. Y. Herald.

Two Inquiries.

"Nellie," called the old man from the top of the stairs at 11:30 p. m., "don't you think it's about time to go to bed?"

"Yes, papa, dear," answered Nellie from the front parlor. "What is keeping you up so late?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Habit.

"Bliggins says that he gives his wife credit for all that he has accomplished."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "He is one of those men who blame their wives for everything."—Washington Star.

Unkind.

Miss Anne Teake—There is not a day passes that I do not add to my stock of knowledge.

Miss Youngbuddie—Oh, one is never too old to learn, don't you know?—Brooklyn Life.

She Wondered.

"Yes," said the Billville citizen, "he learns something every day."

"I wonder," his wife replied. "If that's why so many people think you don't show your age?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Making Home Happy.

Mrs. Geyer—Men have different ways of making home happy.

Mrs. Meyer—How so?

Mrs. Geyer—Some do it by staying at home, and some by going away.—Tit-Bits.

An Unwise Preference.

Sam—Bill says he'd rather be white.

Pete—He am a darn fool. Can't anybody wif dere eyes open see dat de av'ge white pusson am not as happy as de av'ge cullud pusson?—Brooklyn Life.

On the Road.

"What are you doing now?"

"I'm a highwayman."

"Wha-a-a-t?"

"Yep. Paving contractor. I get there, just the same."—Chicago Tribune.

An Opinion.

Jones—Mrs. Brown hasn't been looking well for some time.

Mrs. Jones—No, indeed! And I think she looks as if she felt worse than she looks.—Judge.

Saved by Papa's Wealth.

Miss Autumn—At any rate, I was never called homely.

Miss Cautique—You would have been only your father is so rich.—Town Topics.

High Compliment.

"Isn't the duke of Pottedham a very dignified person?"

"Exceedingly so. In fact, he was at one time taken for a floorwalker."—Judge.

ONE-DAY COURTSHIPS

A PECULIAR PHASE OF LIFE IN CITY OF LONDON.

Some Girls Are Lovers for Every Day in the Week—Used by Brides to Obtain Valuable Information.

A London publication, Smith's Weekly, gives a graphic account of a peculiar phase of English life. It says that in some of the large drapery establishments there are young fellows and girls who make it a rule to have a fresh sweetheart every week. As regularly as the early closing of which is now such a deeply-rooted institution, comes round a new partner who takes the place of the one who did duty the previous week.

A smart young counter-jumper was heard to boast recently that during the 18 months spent in his present situation he had "taken care" over a hundred different girls. Not content with a fresh companion for each weekly half-holiday, he had also often contrived to provide himself with yet another on Sunday as well.

Extreme cases like this are rare, but it is quite common in some business houses where both sexes are employed, for young couples who are comparative strangers to meet together for a holiday.

In many such establishments there are plenty of young people, whose homes are too distant to visit for one day, who are glad to be invited to and to be accommodated in a manner indicated.

A day's courtship is sometimes merely an ingenious ruse for the purpose of obtaining valuable information.

Not long ago a skilful burglar, who confines himself to what he calls his "class work," confessed that one of his favorite methods was to suddenly fall in love with one of the servants of the house which he had planned to plunder, and at the first opportunity to take the girl for a day's outing. The one excursion was generally sufficient to allow him to artfully extract the necessary information which enabled him to afterwards.

HOW BROWN WENT HOME.

He Hailed a Cab and Made an Innocent Medical Man Pay for the Ride.

Brown always was a quick-witted chap. Only one other possession of his was as nimble as that wit of his, and that was his money. He was always broke, and always reckless withal. He took a cab once, being a bit unsteady, to convey him from the club to his dwelling, the latter some distance.

The cool night air blowing through the open windows cooled him enough to permit of his realizing that he had no money to pay the cabman's fare. Just at this moment the driver made that very usual inquiry:

"What address did you say, sir?"

And Brown said promptly:

"Dr. So-and-So, No. 4 Blank street."

The same being around the corner from his own abode.

His house reached, Brown dashed up the steps, rang the bell furiously, and through the speaking-tube he implored:

"RANG THE BELL FURIOUSLY."

the doctor to go at once to such-and-such a house. A cab was at the door, and would the doctor take the cab? When the doctor came down Brown bundled him in, gave the driver an address, and then started off.

Of course Brown went home around the corner, and of course the cabman searched in vain for the number, and of course the doctor—well, what could he do?

Japs Are Feeling Their Oats.

The Japanese, having become rather proud of the way in which they are amazing the Russians, think they are likely to become the rulers of the sea. They, therefore, propose to challenge the New York Yacht club for the America cup.

One Sacred Secret.

Parker—I have noticed that nearly all the articles on "How to Manage a Husband" were written by unmarried women. How do you account for it?

Kerwin—Oh, you don't suppose a married woman is going to give her little plan away, do you?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

An Argument.

"There's another feature to this machine," went on the auto dealer. "It is made of fewer parts than any other on the market."

"What particular advantage does that give?" asked the possible purchaser.

"Why, man, when it blows up you don't have half as many pieces to look for."—Chicago Tribune.

A FISTIC DUEL IN A TREE.

Kentucky Negroes Engage in Unique Combat in View of Hundreds of Spectators.

James Askridge and Mason Thomas, negroes, who live near Middletown, were the principals in a fistic duel fought high in the branches of a large tree at the picnic grounds near Warrenton, Ill. The duel was the re-

sult of a quarrel between the negroes. Askridge, it is said, told Thomas he could lick him anywhere—on the ground, in the air or under the deep blue sea. This boast was too sweeping for Mason, and he took issue with him. "I can lick you up in dat tree," boasted Askridge.



"I CAN LICK YOU IN A TREE."

ed Askridge, "an' if you don't b'leve it, come on."

"You can't do nuthin' you say you kin—you can't whip me no whar." And with this state of things the two clambered up among the branches to prepare for the supreme test of prowess in battle in the air, while a crowd of interested spectators gathered to witness it. When the negroes reached a distance of 12 or 15 feet from the ground each announced ready, and while clinging to a friendly branch with one hand, each proceeded to pummel the other with a determination that furnished amusement for the crowd of picnickers below and bruises for the combatants among the limbs.

Finally Askridge hit Mason a telling blow on the jaw and almost knocked him from the tree, Mason saving himself by catching a limb below him. The victor, in taunting tones, then asked the apparently vanquished Mason if he was satisfied.

"Now, if you is satisfied I kin lick you in de air, jus' cum down on de groun' an' I'll do it down dar," said the confident Askridge.

Mason seemed to have sufficient proof and the two crawled down from their strange dueling ground, and after eyeing each other suspiciously for a time separated and forgot their differences.

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